



SONS OF LIBERTY

A MARCHING SONG

For Patriots

By

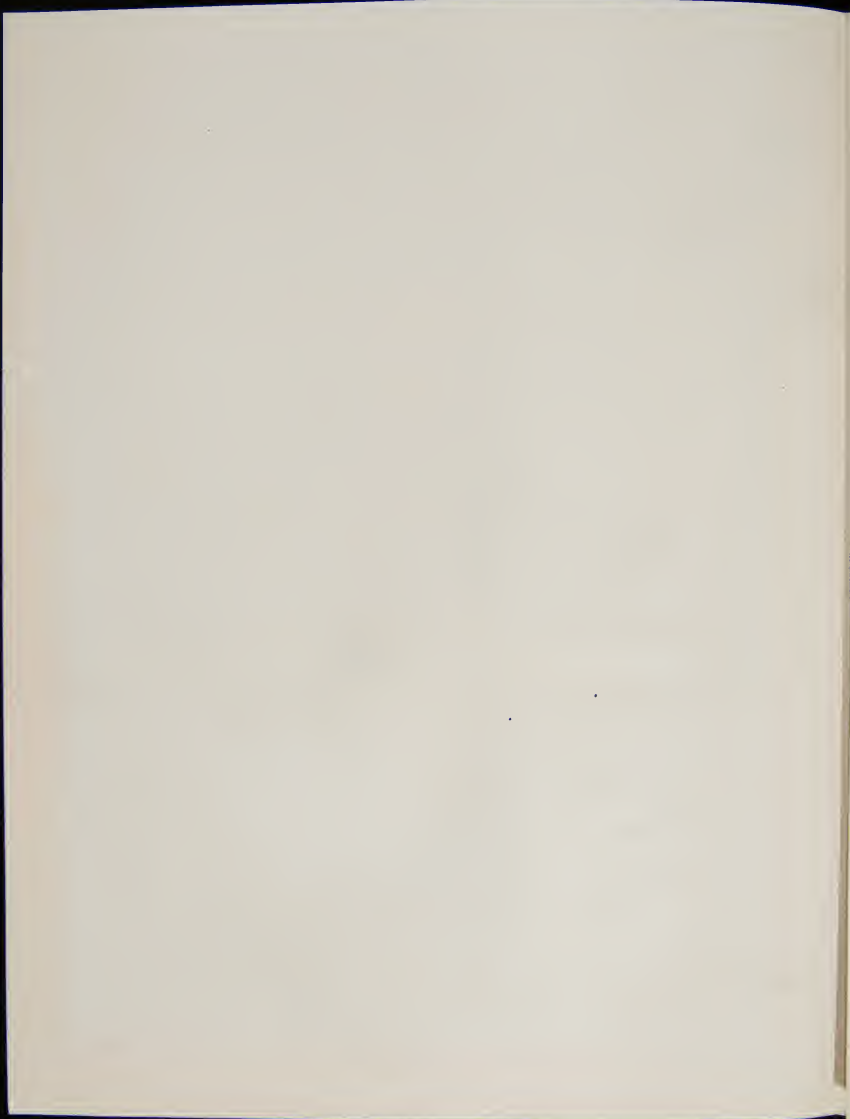
BYRON GAY

Price 60 cents

G. SCHIRMER

New York

Boston



Sons of Liberty

A Marching Song

Words and Music by
Byron Gay

Tempo di Marcia

Voice *mf* Oh, We

Piano *f* *fz* *mf*

we are sons born of lib - er - ty, And we can't be ruled by
don't like quar - rel - ing, we don't like war, But we'll fight for home sweet,

one! We are friends to all, we are foes to none, but we'll
home. We will warn you once, man - y times per - haps, Af - ter

cresc.

ff

help free the word if it must be done. Come a - long! Come a -
 that we will fight till Un - cle Sam blows taps. Come a - long! Come a -

ff

ff

long! Child - ren of George Wash - ing - ton!
 long! Child - ren of George Wash - ing - ton!

ff

Refrain

mf

And we will go, go, go, While we gai - ly sing, sing of the

mf

stars and stripes for - ev - er! Dream - ing of

cresc. *f*

home, Fight-ing for free - dom a - lone, We've

cresc. *f*

kissed our loved ones, said fare - well, fal - ter - ing

ff nev - er. And we will fight, fight, fight, Fight with all our might, And we will

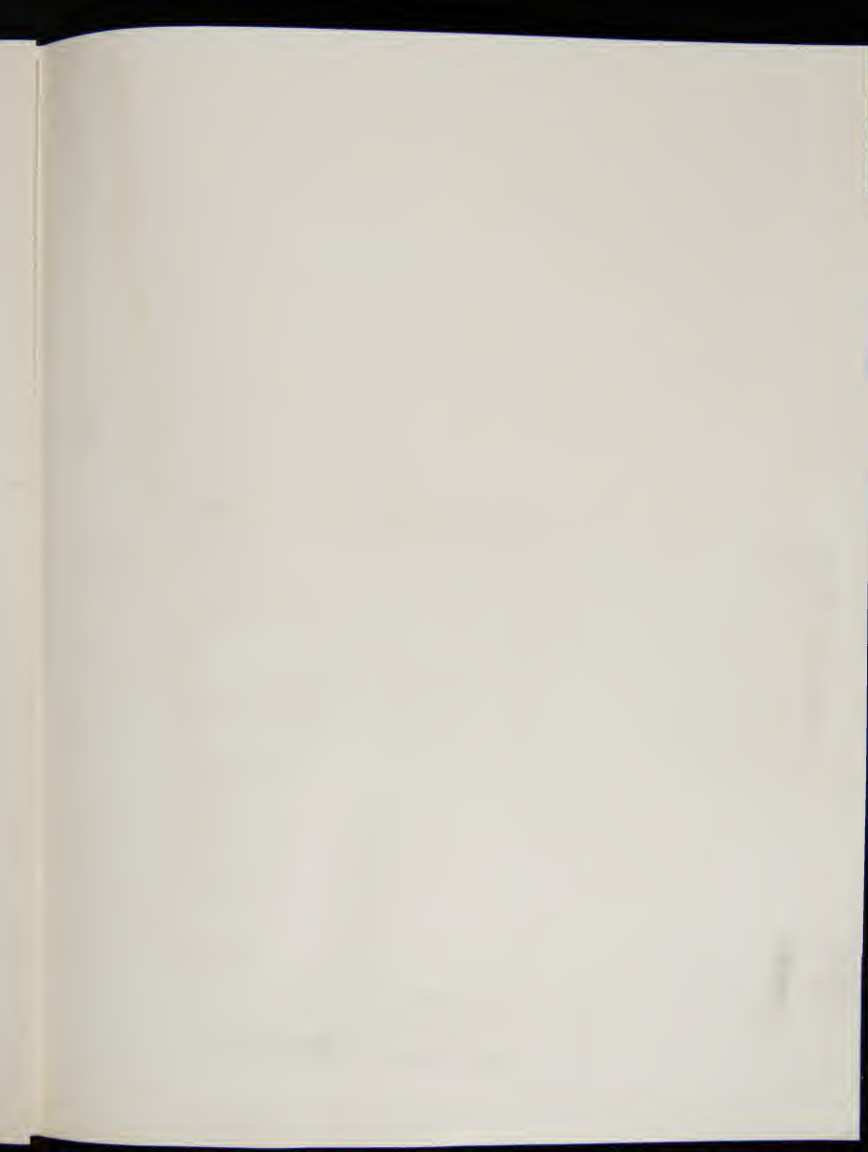
ff

win be - cause we're right! right!

1. 2.

ff





WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The Song of All Nations

*Words by the late JOHN HAY, private secretary to President LINCOLN and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

Music by OLEY SPEAKS

Composer of

"TO YOU"

With Martial Spirit

Slower, with feeling.

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HIGH IN B♭

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We will end the dreadful story
Of the battle dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory.
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweet hearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home.
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not disave
From the nation's heart for ever,
When the boys come home.

The thin ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And our cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home,
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty when the boys come home;
But all shall see the traces
Of the battle's royal graces
In the brown and beared faces,
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

MEDIUM IN G

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New York